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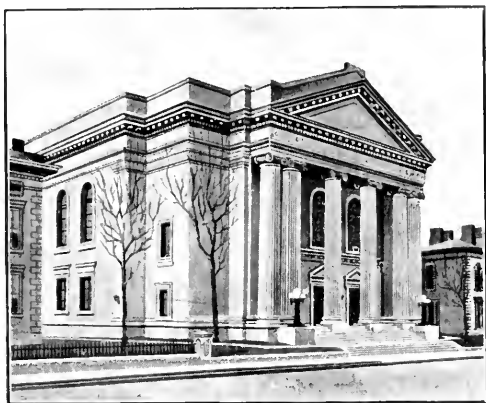
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Lincoln, the Patriot

Rabbi H. G. Enelow, D.D.

So much has been said and written about Abraham Lincoln that it is hardly possible to add anything new. There are not only numerous formal lives of the great President, but also a multitude of subjective studies and appreciations. It is doubtful whether even the approaching centenary will bring forth much new material. There may be some hitherto unknown letter or fragment, some hitherto unpublished portrait—and every such little treasure, we may be sure, will be wrested from obscurity by lovers of Lincoln. Very little, however, can possibly be added to our store of information about the stirring period of which Lincoln was the central figure and towering hero.

What the Lincoln Centenary, on the other hand, is certain to do, is this: it will emphasize the ethical element of Lincoln's life. It will turn the mind of mankind once again to his wondrous personality. It will fasten the attention of the Nation anew upon the qualities of his unique character and the high motives behind it. And must we not believe that, when all is said and done, it is just this that forms the chief legacy of any great man to his fellow-men? The achievements of the leaders of humanity would be of little worth and of short duration if behind them there were not some moral force, if they were not imbued with some perennial ethical value. The actual deeds of the world's great men may prove of little interest to distant posterity—they may be superseded, they may dwindle in proportion, they may become the unconscious part of ordinary life, or they may be forgotten altogether. But the moral power behind the deeds, the devotion and idealism that quickened the personality, the divine fire that burnt in the soul of the leader, remains unforgettable and

precious to the end of time. That is the substance that must enter into the noble acts and aims of all ages, though from age to age this substance may change in outward appearance and application.

All this, of course, cannot be said literally of Lincoln. His deeds are not forgotten. His figure is not remote from those living today. The events of his life are still fresh in our minds. On all hands do we meet with people who took part in them. Even the details of his career captivate our attention. The things he achieved are of supreme moment to every citizen. None the less, I do not hesitate to say that the chief inspiration the world is destined to derive from the life of Lincoln will emanate from the contemplation of his personality, rather than from any one thing he attained—from the marvel of his character, from that rare combination of qualities which singled him out as one of the greatest men in the annals of the world.

What was the secret of Lincoln's personality? Many attempts have been made to explain it; to analyze its elements and antecedents—to trace it back to race and environment. After all, all such efforts must be in vain. Lincoln is Lincoln. Neither genealogy nor geography can quite account for him. You can no more solve his mystery than that of any other unique personality in history. There may be much virtue in the modern critical theory which looks in antecedents and surroundings—in the *milieu*—for light on the character and the ambitions and achievements of great men. Nevertheless, there is a residue at the heart of every great man that baffles analysis—a secret that the key of origin and surroundings cannot unlock. Can you explain the secret of Moses—who was inspired to flee the luxuries and lolling of a royal palace and cast his lot with his slave-brothers, thus to become his people's deliverer and the world's greatest prophet? Can you explain the secret of Amos—impelled to leave his sheep and sycamores at Tekoa and journey to the joyous capital of Samaria and there proclaim the word of God

and the doom of the people? Can you explain the mystery that has resided in the soul of every one of the world's undying prophets, heroes, and leaders? No more will it ever be really possible to account for the lone loftiness of Lincoln. Suffice it to say that in him the American people have had a man who has stirred up the reverence, the affection, the wonder of all alike. Rulers have been astonished at his sagacity and power; scholars have marveled at his intellect; orators have paid tribute to his eloquence, and he possesses the love of all the people. And if anything was needful to give supreme and final consecration to his name in the memory of mankind, there was the tragedy of his martyr-death.

If the praise of poets be the measure of fame, Lincoln is secure. I doubt whether Washington, even, has formed the theme of as many of our poets as Lincoln. Muses the most diverse have been inspired by his memory: Walt Whitman, William Cullen Bryant, James Russell Lowell, Edward Rowland Sill, Edwin Markham. Indeed, not a poet of note but has sought to express in melody the marvel and the mystery of Abraham Lincoln. "New birth of our new soil, the first American"—is the way Lowell described him in his Commemoration Ode. And Mr. Edwin Markham has more recently sought to portray the secret of Lincoln in the following words:

"When the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth—
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains, and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us."

Thus the poets! Walt Whitman's noble dirge on the death of Lincoln, "O Captain, My Captain,"—as noble a

poem as we possess—is known to all. “New birth of our new soil, the first American!” Tried clay of the common road, dashed through with a strain of prophecy! What do all these tributes mean? The common realization that in Lincoln was found the culmination and the summary of Americanism, that in him lived the soul of our democracy, that the spirit and the essence and the hope of the New World were fused together in his personality in all their elemental strength and everlasting significance. He was a child of the soil, he loved the soil, he kept in touch with the soil, deriving strength from it, like the giant in the ancient Greek myth, and his life was dedicated to the perpetuation of those ideals which from the beginning of our Republic have hallowed this American soil, and without which it would be deflowered of all its honor and glory.

This leads us to what formed the chief quality—the ruling passion—of Lincoln. It may sound trite, but supremely important it is none the less. His ruling passion was patriotism. I have said that a great deal has been said and written about Lincoln in formal biographies and in subjective studies. A perusal of some of these works brings one face to face with most diverse, sometimes antipodal, appraisals of his motives, his acts, his character. The best approach to Lincoln, however, is by way of his own writings. Read his letters, his speeches, his messages. They contain the portrait of a lofty, resolute, tender soul. They are a liberal education in Americanism. There is in them candor, lucidity, eloquence. But the one point of convergence for all that he wrote is his patriotism. This is his master passion. This is the strain that runs through all his utterances, from the time he served in the General Assembly of Illinois, to those solemn moments made sublime and immortal by his Gettysburg speech and his Inaugural Addresses. Patriotism pulsed through his veins, quivered in his bosom, was inscribed in his countenance.

Patriotism, you say? What more common than this? Who is not patriotic? His, however, was the patriotism

that means more than a mere sentimental attachment to one's native land, or even the readiness to die for it. His patriotism was, first of all, a profound love of American institutions. It was a solemn consciousness of the high ideals of freedom and justice and brotherhood that brought this Republic into being, a passionate loyalty to all its institutions, because of their import to the cause of freedom and justice, a conviction that the hopes and the happiness of all mankind are bound up with the triumph of these institutions, a dread of anything that might impair even a tittle or iota of their glory, and a soul-deep determination to do all in his power to protect, defend, and preserve them. The American Republic and human happiness and progress were synonyms to his mind and heart; they were ideas indissolubly intertwined. In this sense he was a patriot, and this sort of patriotism inspired everything he said and did throughout his marvelous and troublous career.

There is a passage in one of his earliest recorded speeches that throws light on this aspect of Lincoln's patriotism. It shows how much reverence and love for American institutions from the first formed the chief ingredient of his make-up. In an address delivered January 27, 1837, before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield, Illinois, on "The Perpetuation of Our Political Institutions," he uttered the following words: "We find ourselves under the government of a system of political institutions conducing more essentially to the ends of civil and religious liberty than any of which the history of former times tells us. We, when mounting the stage of existence, found ourselves the legal inheritors of these fundamental blessings. We toiled not in the acquirement or establishment of them; they are a legacy bequeathed us by a once hardy, brave, and patriotic, but now lamented and departed race of ancestors. Theirs was the task (and nobly they performed it) to possess themselves, and through themselves us, of this goodly land, and to uprear upon its

hills and its valleys a political edifice of liberty and equal rights; and it is ours only to transmit these to the latest generation that fate shall permit the world to know. This task, gratitude to our fathers, justice to ourselves, duty to posterity, and love for our species in general, all imperatively require us faithfully to perform."

On another occasion, in the course of a speech in the Illinois House of Representatives, in the year 1839, he says: "Many free countries have lost their liberty, and ours may lose hers; but if she shall, be it my proudest plume, not that I was the last to desert, but that I never deserted her * * * * . If ever I feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its Almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all the world beside, and I standing up boldly and alone, and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors."

Again, on July 16, 1852, Lincoln delivered a eulogy of Henry Clay, at the State House, in Springfield. What he said in praise of Clay was an indication to a large extent of his own character. For, is not the study of the great men of the past very often a quest and token of spiritual affinity? One passage in Lincoln's address is particularly interesting in this connection. "Mr. Clay's predominant sentiment," he said, "from first to last, was a deep devotion to the cause of human liberty—a strong sympathy with the oppressed everywhere, and an ardent wish for their elevation. With him this was a primary and all-controlling passion. Subsidiary to this was the conduct of his whole life. He loved his country partly because it was his own country, and mostly because it was a free country; and he burned with a zeal for its advancement, prosperity, and glory, because he saw in such the advancement, prosperity, and glory of human right, human liberty, and human nature. He desired the prosperity of his countrymen, partly because they were his countrymen, but chiefly to show to the world that free men could be prosperous."

Such was the basic character of Lincoln's patriotism. To understand it fully is to understand his attitude to the critical questions of his age—an attitude which at that time was largely misunderstood and misinterpreted. And who will say that in this day and generation there is no need for a new emphasis on Lincoln's idea of patriotism? With the growth of our material prosperity, with the expansion of our country to the isles of the sea, with the many changes that have taken place in the life and the aims of our people, with the obscuring of our ideals, with the tendency in some quarters to scorn the Declaration of Independence as an aggregate of glittering generalities, it is essential to bear in mind the purpose for which our institutions were created—to bring freedom, justice, and happiness to men—and that to serve this purpose is the highest form of American patriotism.

Another phase of Lincoln's patriotism right now deserves the special attention of the people of our Commonwealth. I refer to Lincoln's constant insistence on obedience to the law as the quintessence of patriotism. The supreme safeguard of our democratic institutions lies in the scrupulous maintenance of our laws. Violation of law means the subversion of all government. It means the destruction of civilization. Our State, in recent years, has suffered as seriously as any other section, if not more seriously, from a reign of lawlessness. Think of the acts of violence that have been perpetrated in the best parts of our State during the tobacco troubles, to say nothing of the feuds and bloodshed that are the disgrace of our less civilized mountain regions. Do you think patriotism can thrive in such an atmosphere? Do you think our free institutions can thus be preserved? Do you think American civilization can thus be perpetuated? And the same question must be put to any one who breaks, or is willing to allow others to break, any of the laws on the integrity of which rests the whole fabric of our democracy. It matters not whether such violation occur in our social, our politi-

cal, our commercial life. Obedience to the law is the first condition of patriotism. It is the first exhibition of the patriotic spirit. This is the way Lincoln puts it in one of those early speeches that so finely foreshadow his future: "Let every American," he says, "every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity, swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of seventy-six did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and laws let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor—let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his fathers, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the Nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars."

I cannot close without alluding to one other aspect of Lincoln's patriotism: its religious aspect; his faith in God. Lincoln believed firmly in the presence of God in the history of our Republic, and in the unfailing guidance of Providence. Without such implicit faith it is hard to think of Lincoln bearing up under his great burden, and enduring to the very end. His life reminds one of the simple words in our children's hymnal:

"To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod,
The fountain of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God."

We are all familiar with those fateful farewell words he addressed to his neighbors at Springfield before his departure for the National capital. What a ring of sadness and trust! "I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail." And this note of faith in God, who has never forsaken this land in its difficulties, and who is shaping its course to the high ends of human freedom and happiness, this note of devout confidence, he strikes again and again in the course of his memorable journey to Washington and of the sad and heavy years of his leadership.

And has he failed? If ever life was a triumph, his was. If ever career was a blessing to millions, his was. If ever death was a victory, a self-sacrifice, a transfiguration, it was Abraham Lincoln's. His tragic death sealed the covenant of his lofty patriotism. He lived and died that our country might remain the home of liberty, of justice, of brotherhood—that, to use his own noble words, this Nation might have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people might not perish from the earth.

"O martyred one, farewell!
Thou hast not left thy people quite alone,
Out of thy beautiful life there comes a tone
Of power, of love, of trust, a prophecy,
Whose fair fulfilment all the Earth shall be,
And all the Future tell."

Centenary Service

Friday Evening, February 12, 1909



PROGRAM

PRELUDE—Andante *Guilmant*

"HOLY ART THOU" *Handel*

THE CHORAL CLUB

INVOCATION

ADDRESS—"The Memory of Lincoln" Rabbi H. G. Enelow, D. D.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD" *Schubert*

WOMEN'S CHORUS OF THE CHORAL CLUB

ADDRESS—"A Southern Soldier's View of Lincoln" ... Judge W. O. Harris

"GREAT IS JEHOVAH" *Schubert*

THE CHORAL CLUB

ADDRESS—"A Northern Soldier's Reminiscence of Lincoln"

Col. Andrew Cowan

"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

THE CONGREGATION

"LINCOLN: A POEM" Mr. Madison Cawein

"PRAISE THE LORD" *Randegger*

THE CHORAL CLUB

ADDRESS—"Abraham Lincoln, the Prophet of Democracy"

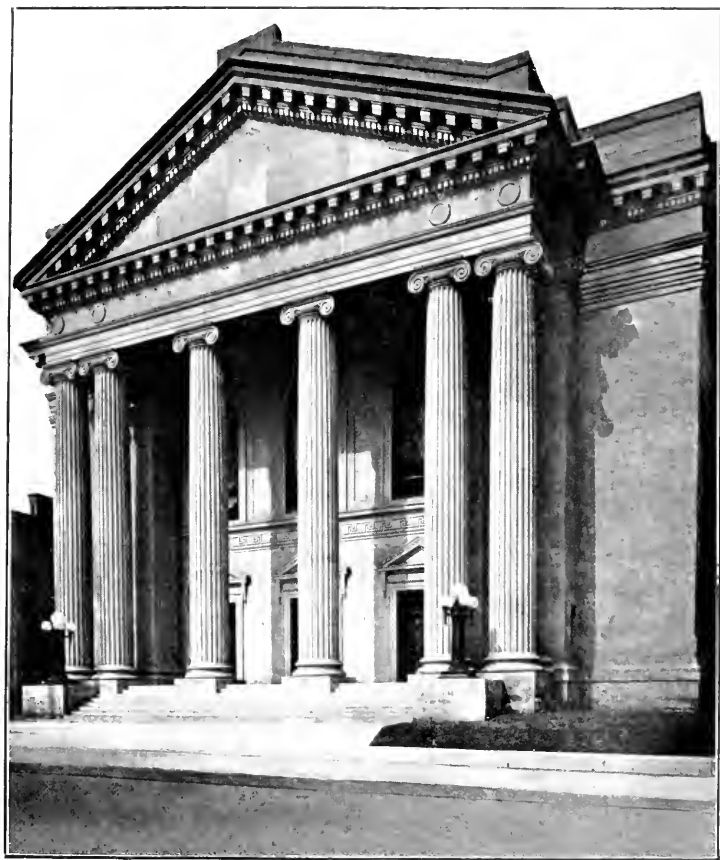
Professor Albion W. Small, Ph. D.

"AMERICA"

THE CONGREGATION

BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE—Allegro *Eddy*



TEMPLE ADATH ISRAEL
LOUISVILLE

The Memory of Lincoln

Rabbi H. G. Enelow, D.D.

We are assembled to pay tribute to the memory of one of the greatest men of history, the most wonderful son of our Republic, the most illustrious child of Kentucky—Abraham Lincoln. Upon the death of Lincoln, a poet wrote the following lines:

“And always in his land of birth and death,
Be his fond name—warm’d in the people’s hearts—
Abraham Lincoln, the Dear President!”

This prayer is certainly coming true. From State to State, from town to town, from village to village there stretches today the garland of homage woven in his honor. Everywhere pæans of praise are sung—testimony to the universal love for the memory of Lincoln. The Dear President—that he is, indeed! With the passage of years, as his work has grown clearer, as his figure stands out more distinct against the background of his age, as his aims and ideals have received appreciation more intelligent and just, he has become ever dearer to the soul of the American people.

Today North and South, with one accord, seek words to express for his memory both reverence and affection, and the whole world’s eyes are fixed upon the humble spot of his nativity. And who has more cause for rejoicing and pride than Kentucky? In Kentucky Abraham Lincoln was born, his wife was a Kentucky woman, his dearest friend was a Kentuckian and for Kentucky in particular he again and again displayed that love and kindness which he never ceased to feel for the whole South.

“The opinions of men are organic,” says Emerson. The reason why we are drawn to Lincoln, why we spontaneous-

ly give to his life and character our full measure of praise, is that his name embraces all that is best in us, in humanity, and especially in American democracy. In his own life—so humbly begun, so bravely and nobly carried on, and so tragically ended—he incarnated the highest and most heroic qualities of human nature, battled for the defense of our most precious and most inspiring principles, devoted all his soul and body and might to the purest and loftiest ends of civilization.

It is futile to attempt to describe Lincoln. When all is said—when all the portraits have been drawn, all the poems written, all the eulogies spoken—we cannot but feel unsatisfied. We feel that above all, and beyond all, there was a wonderful personality, a God-given personality, whom it is impossible to explain, to analyze, to portray altogether, as it is impossible to explain altogether the joy and the inspiration the human heart derives from the radiance, the glory of the sun. “His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.”

But our gatherings in Lincoln’s honor, and our efforts to portray and praise him, are rather to the end that we might kindle our own spirits at the flame of his enthusiasm, that we might possess ourselves in some measure of his high qualities, that we might consecrate our own lives anew to the great and noble work to which he dedicated his.

Oh, that this assemblage might experience such consecration! As we think again of Lincoln’s devotion to freedom—of his heroic endeavor “to keep the jewel of liberty within the family of freedom”—as we think of his devotion to the cause of justice and humanity, of his combination of strength and tenderness, of his love for the oppressed, of his all-controlling loyalty to democracy and its institutions, let us try to draw inspiration from his memory and to turn his life into an ever-present example.

A Southern Soldier's View of Lincoln

Judge W. O. Harris

On April 15, 1865, I was riding with a companion on a muddy road in Amherst county, Virginia. I was a very young soldier, my companion much my senior in age and military rank. We were fugitives from Lee's Army, and were just emerging from the mountains, debating whether we should turn our horses' heads eastward, towards our homes, or westward, towards the Army of Kirby Smith, across the Mississippi, then the last faint hope of the Confederacy. We had just learned of the surrender of the army, and the consequent collapse of the Confederacy East of the Mississippi. We were both sunk in despair. I myself was, in addition, plunged into the deepest grief by the news just received of the death of a brother, to whom I was tenderly attached, on the field of battle at Sailor's Creek, on April 7th, the last stand of the Army of Northern Virginia. As I remember that ride and that day, it seemed to me that the very sun was blotted out of the heavens. While we were discussing our future course and what would be the probable fate of those we left behind us, whether there was to be the long-dreaded servile war, what was to be the treatment of the soldiers lately in rebellion—while these sad thoughts were revolving in our minds, we met a man who told us that Abe Lincoln had been assassinated the night before. As I remember, the impression then produced, it seemed to arouse us a little while from the contemplation of our own sorrows and those of the country. We received the news with incredulity. Perhaps one said it was too good to be true. This, I confess, was the impression on my own mind. Lincoln's death seemed to me like a gleam of sunshine on a winter's day. I had no thought but of gratified revenge.

And why should it not have been so at that time? Lincoln was known to us as the leader of the abolition party, a party which sought to destroy the institution of slavery, which was of the very web and woof of Southern society. In that institution was invested a thousand millions of dollars of property and that property, with one stroke of his pen, he had recently swept away. He was the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies and Navies which had burned our cities and laid waste our farms and homes.

So far as we knew his personal traits, they accentuated the Southern feeling of hostility towards him. He was called the "rail splitter," and manual labor was looked upon by slave owners as servile. It was inconceivable to us that a rail splitter should be chief of the governing class. He was also known to us as a joker, and in those tragic days that was by no means a recommendation. He was called a Nero, who fiddled while Rome was burning. Certainly it is not an over-statement to say that down in Dixie in '65 Lincoln was by no means a popular character.

But with the years which have passed since then, the attitude of the South towards the cause for which Lincoln died has slowly but completely changed. The servile war, so dreaded for so many generations as a consequence of emancipation, did not come to pass. The consequent disarrangement of our industrial system soon passed away. The negro has made a better laborer as a freeman than he was as a slave. The South has recovered from the devastation of the war and the effect of the confiscation of this property, and is now vastly richer than it ever was under the slave regime. The paroles of her soldiers were sacredly respected. There were practically no indictments and no punishments for treason. The rich and prosperous South now views slavery from a standpoint entirely different from that of '65. The peculiar institution may not have been a crime, but it was worse—it was a blunder.

With this change of sentiment towards the cause of which Lincoln was the representative, there has been a

corresponding change toward the man. His manual labor, his humble origin, his rise to the Chief Magistracy of the Republic, his transcendent success in his great office, reflect honor upon him and upon the race from which he sprang. His humor is looked upon, as it always should have been, as the offspring of kindliness and gentleness and a catholic understanding of the subjects with which it dealt. All the world now admires his eloquence, which was of that higher sort, the eloquence of deeds rather than of words. His words also possess a lofty beauty and simplicity comparable to those of the old Hebrew prophets whose effigies look down upon us from the windows of this church.

Surely, as he lay upon his bed of death in Washington, this man, as he looked back over his life, might have said with Paul the Apostle: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

And thus the people of the South find themselves in the position in which Count Tolstoi describes himself as being after his conversion to Christianity. He says: "I was like a man journeying along a path who turns back. Those things which were formerly upon my right hand are now upon my left. Those things which were formerly upon my left hand are now upon my right."

And so it is that the Southern people, and all the people, have met today in countless thousands, in sacred places like this, to do honor to the memory of Lincoln, the Restorer of the Republic, and in their imaginations he is in the world of spirits the companion and the equal of the august shade of Washington, the Founder.

A Northern Soldier's Reminiscence of Lincoln

*Colonel Andrew Cowan, Commander of the Artillery Brigade of
the Sixth Corps, Army of the Potomac*

The reference made by Judge Harris to the battle of Sailor's Creek and the loss of a brother in that battle, has filled me with emotion. I directed the guns of the Federal forces against the Confederates at Sailor's Creek. At that battle the last gun of the artillery brigade of the Sixth Corps, which I commanded, was fired. The force opposed to us was that of Ewell's Corps of Gen. Lee's army. They were surrounded by Custer's cavalry and the Sixth Corps of infantry and artillery; and that night, just as darkness came on, I saw about eleven thousand soldiers, wearing the gray, who had surrendered to our superior forces.

I have known Judge Harris for many years. There is no man in Louisville whom I more deeply respect. I may say that I entertain for him a feeling of warm affection. I knew something of his service in the Confederate Army—a mere boy, taking part in one of the most remarkable charges that has ever been known, but I have heard to-night, for the first time, that his brother had been killed in that battle at Sailor's Creek. Do you wonder that my voice trembles and my eyes are wet!

A distinguished citizen of this country, residing abroad, was asked by a foreign prince: "Sir, what are the chief products of your State?" He answered: "Sire, the chief products of Maine are men."

Kentucky, famous everywhere under the sun for beautiful, gracious, queenly women, has also bred men. Their sires blazed the forest trail and made the wilderness road; they paddled their canoes and steered their boats down

the tawny waters of the Ohio from its source to its mouth; God showed them their land of Canaan and they went down and took it from the heathen. In this beautiful land of forest and stream, of hill and dale, of the blue grass and the bear grass, they and their descendants made the "Old Kentucky Home." Statesmen, jurists, scholars, preachers, hunters, soldiers, farmers, merchants—their names and deeds are woven into the history of the State and of the Nation.

When the war between the states divided North and South into armed camps, Jefferson Davis, a Kentuckian, born and reared in affluence, already become famous in the South, commanded the Southern Confederacy; and Abraham Lincoln, born on Kentucky soil, in a lowly cabin, self-made and self-educated, the untried choice of an untried political party, held the Ship of State true to her course, through four years of bloody war, bringing her into the haven of peace at last with the old flag flying, bloody and torn, but with not a star missing from its azure field.

I well remember the nomination of Abraham Lincoln by the Republican party, in the spring of 1860, and I had knowledge of the chagrin and sorrow it brought to the friends of my distinguished townsman, Governor William H. Seward. That presidential campaign was probably the most exciting which has ever been known. I marched in the torchlight procession of the Little Giants, in red capes, and with the Rail Splitters, in black, and brought home to my patient mother the odor and stains of whale oil from the dripping lamps. I also banged the bell in the parades of Bell and Everett, for we boys only saw the fun; the tragedy was revealed to us later.

My regiment, which was among the first to march up Pennsylvania avenue, was camped on Kalorama Heights, now a beautiful part of our National Capitol, but then a distant, sun-baked farm. We were known as the Seward Regiment, and to our camp came President Lincoln, one

blazing hot day in the month of June, 1861. I ran to the Colonel's quarters to feast my eyes on a President. There was Abraham Lincoln, surrounded by nearly a thousand men of our regiment, and as I gazed on him my heart sank, for he was very homely and, to my notion, he seemed uncouth and without dignity. He was shaking hands, right and left, while the sweat streamed down his strong, homely face. On his head was a "plug" hat, weather beaten and faded, well tilted above his brow. He wore an old, faded linen duster coat, such as all travelers by rail or coach wore in those days, and it seemed to make his long, thin figure appear more elongated, for he towered above all the men about him. While I watched and gradually pressed closer to where he stood, the linen coat became saturated from his neck down to his waist and the outline of his suspenders became plainly visible. The President wore no vest. I was but a boy; my young eyes could not see through that homely husk "the whitest soul a Nation knew." I turned away without shaking his hand.

A month later Bull Run was fought, a victory for the South, a defeat for the North, but it silenced opponents of the war in both sections. The school boys who had enlisted for a three months' frolic, began to see that their school days were past; the tragedy of the war was unfolding for them. Nearly a year later McClellan's Army had pushed its way up the peninsula from Fortress Monroe, until we could see the church spires in the city of Richmond—the goal we were striving to win. The army was planted in the Chickahominy swamps; the treacherous river splitting it in twain; when General Lee took the offensive. After two days' terrific fighting, ending with the defeat of Porter's Corps, McClellan decided to change the base of his army from the Pamunkey river, at White House, to the James, at Harrison's Landing. Then followed battles by day and marching by night, until the Army of the Potomac turned to give battle again, at Malvern Hill, the seventh in succession. Here, the advantage of position

was ours, and our great train of artillery was at last to have its day. The "charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaklava was gallant and bloody and famous we know, but compared to repeated charges which I witnessed that day, when Magruder's Confederate infantry charged across the fields almost to the foot of the height where our guns were planted and poured forth their iron hail, the charge of the "gallant Six Hundred" was as a summer breeze to the fierce tropical hurricane. Victory was then with the Army of the Potomac, and that night both armies were exhausted. There, McClellan's army had the right to remain, but at midnight, in rain and thunder and darkness, we again took up the weary tramp.

Coming to Harrison's Landing, there was no way to rest our weary bodies but to lie down in a sea of mud, churned by the wheels of thousands of wagons which had preceded the troops. The Army of the Potomac was not alone exhausted—it was largely a demoralized army, for the only time in its history, as I know well. We quickly recovered our strength and spirits and had constructed a line of rifle pits and redoubts, which made our new position secure and safe, when President Lincoln came from Washington to see for himself whether certain disturbing rumors concerning us were true.

A review of the army was ordered by General McClellan, and now I was to see President Lincoln for the second time. The army was paraded for review, standing in its rifle pits and redoubts, while the reviewing officers rode out in front of the line of intrenchments. I think this had never been seen before, nor was it ever repeated in the Army of the Potomac. I stood on the parapet of the redoubt occupied by the guns of the First New York Battery, which I commanded, so that I was able to see the reviewing party riding from the left, long before the commanding officer was abreast of us. This is what I saw: General McClellan, a superb horseman, rode at the left of President Lincoln, who was mounted on a big, high-spirited bay

horse. They were followed by McClellan's brilliant staff, with foreign princes and dukes, and military attaches from all European countries, and then a regiment of Lancers, each man carrying a lance with a red pennant waving from its point. It was a brilliant spectacle. The President held the reins in his left hand, without pressing on the horse's mouth, like an accomplished rider, and he sat his horse with ease, like a boy who had learned to ride bareback. He was dressed in black broadcloth, like a preacher, and in his right hand was a shining, new silk hat, which he waved as we cheered him, and his face was smiling and kind as he looked toward us. The man rode with kingly grace, and I would then have given my shoulder straps for the privilege of grasping his hand.

I saw President Lincoln under fire, watching the battle between a division of the Sixth Corps and part of Early's army, on the outskirts of Washington. This incident has been treated with some doubt, but I witnessed it, as I shall now relate:

General Early's army was sent by General Lee, in the early summer of 1864, to raid the Shenandoah Valley, drive out the Federal forces and push them back upon Baltimore and Washington. He was confronted, after crossing the Potomac, by a force under General Lew Wallace, made up of odds and ends gathered in from different outposts. The third division of the Sixth Corps (to which corps I belonged from its organization to the close of the war), under General Ricketts, was shipped from City Point to Baltimore and moved out by rail to re-enforce Wallace at Monocacy Junction, in Maryland. So firm was the resistance put up by Ricketts, that Early was held in check for forty-eight hours, which gave the second division of the same corps time to reach Washington, just as Early's army had arrived before its undefended forts. The steamer carrying my battery and horses was the first to arrive after the infantry. I was met with orders to march to Fort Stevens without sparing my horses.

When I arrived abreast of the fort, our infantry was already engaged with the enemy in the valley below us, and I had orders to halt and wait developments. I then saw General Wright, our corps commander, standing on the parapet of Fort Stevens, to my left, watching the fighting that was going on, and at his side I recognized President Lincoln. Numbers of rifle balls from the enemy struck in the dust of the road where we were waiting, and doubtless as many or more fell where the President stood with General Wright, yet he did not move. I was told afterwards that General Wright had begged the President not to expose himself, but he paid no heed to his advice.

The Potomac river, closed by ice, had held my command at Washington, when we marched in from the Shenandoah Valley campaign, which gave me the opportunity to shake hands with the President in the White House (a little more than a month before his death), on the eve of embarking my brigade of light artillery for City Point, which we had left the summer before to come to the relief of the capital, then threatened by General Early's Confederate Army. The battles of Winchester and Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek had been fought. Early's army had been destroyed and Grant's grasp on Petersburg was tightening. We were now to take part in the final actions of the great Civil War.

After the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, that army which had but one comparable to it for splendid loyalty to duty and undaunted courage—the Army of the Potomac—(now become the victor through superior force and unlimited resources), our corps marched from Appomattox to Burkesville Junction, Va., where we received the startling and shocking news of President Lincoln's assassination. As guests at my headquarters were as many surrendered Confederate officers as we had room for. They came to us as our guests the morning after the surrender, and when we were halted at Burkesville Junction, as we expected to continue our march through Petersburg, Va.,

near their homes, they remained and were with us when the news of the assassination of President Lincoln came. Their sorrow, I believe, was as genuine as our own. That he died at the zenith of his career, I have never doubted. I stood today in the little log cabin wherein he was born, feeling that surely God raised up this wonderful man for the saving of the Nation and the emancipation of a race. Our God, in whom we trust, will still use the people of this great Nation for His omnipotent purposes, and He can raise up the humblest to do His will.

“He hath sounded forth His trumpet
Which hath never known retreat.
He is searching out the hearts of men
Before His judgment seat.
O, be swift our souls to answer Him,
Be jubilant our feet,
Our God is marching on.”

Lincoln

FEBRUARY 12, 1809-1909

Madison Cawein

I.

Yea, this is he, whose name is synonym
Of all that's noble, though but lowly born;
Who took command upon a stormy morn
When few had hope. Although uncount of limb,
Homely of face and gaunt, but never grim,
Beautiful he was with that which none may scorn—
With love of God and man and things forlorn,
And freedom mighty as the soul in him.
Large at the helm of State he leans and looms
With the grave, kindly look of those who die
Doing their duty. Staunch, unswervingly
Onward he steers beneath portentous glooms,
And overwhelming thunders of the sky,
Till, safe in port, he sees a people free.

II.

Safe from the storm; the harbor-lights of Peace
Before his eyes; the burden of dark fears
Cast from him like a cloak; and in his ears
The heart-beat music of a great release,
Captain and pilot, back upon the seas,
Whose wrath he'd weathered, back he looks with tears,
Seeing no shadow of the Death that nears,
Stealthy and sure, with sudden agonies.
So let him stand, brother to every man,
Ready for toil or battle; he who held
A Nation's destinies within his hand;
Type of our greatness; first American,
By whom the hearts of all men are compelled,
And with whose name Freedom unites our land.

III.

He needs no praise of us, who wrought so well,
Who has the Master's praise; who at his post
Stood to the last. Yet now, from coast to coast,
Let memory of him peal like some great bell.
Of him as woodsman, workman, let us tell!
Of him as lawyer, statesman, without boast!
And for what qualities we love him most,
And recollections that no time can quell.
He needs no praise of us, yet let us praise,
Albeit his simple soul we may offend.
That liked not praise, being most diffident;
Still let us praise him, praise him in such ways
As his were, and in words, that shall transcend
Marble, and outlast any monument.

Abraham Lincoln—the Prophet of Democracy

Professor Albion W. Small, The University of Chicago

It is surely not presumption, but duty, for a stranger, coming under these circumstances, to declare himself before he can be entitled to your tolerant hearing. I was cradled in the most partisan of the New England States at the time of the bitterest tension between the North and the South. My earliest recollections are of the marching away of the choicest young men of the city, as I afterward understood, to fight to the death against the noblest sons of the South. All the prejudices of that time and place were the stuff of my boyhood education. Since I have reached man's estate I have repeatedly visited Richmond, and have always made a pilgrimage to that neighborhood of Richmond College, and I have stood with uncovered head genuinely respectful before the eloquent statute of Robert E. Lee, and I have devoutly thanked God that I am part of a people that produced such as he.

I belong to the generation of sons of those who fought against each other in that fraternal strife, who naturally and not perfunctorily walk softly from memorial to memorial of the Blue and the Gray at Gettysburg, and through the mists that shroud the memory of valor North and South, learn the beginnings of one of the profoundest lessons of human life.

Men who follow the fiery pillar of human reason may wander far from each other, and far astray from the straight path of truth; but if those same men have at the same time the courage to follow the cloudy pillar of conscience, in due time the two guides will coalesce and lead those erring men into a better promised land than their imaginations could foresee.

I am no stranger to the Southland. Kentucky and Tennessee are the only Southern states in which I have not often made public addresses and received private hospitality. I do not feel out of place among you. My only embarrassment is the consciousness that I can never give half that I receive from the enjoyment of your society. May I have the privilege of saluting these noble veterans of the Blue and the Gray, and of testifying that from their exchange of sentiments I have received a new impression, which I hope will be indelible, of the chivalry of Southern men?

As a citizen of the State of Lincoln's residence during his manhood, I cannot exaggerate my sense of the privilege of sharing in the celebration of his anniversary with citizens of his native State. Every civilization that has progressed has capitalized its pattern man. Let us follow popular usage and call these pattern men "great" men; Confucius, Gautama, Moses, Isaiah, Jesus, Mahomet, have lived their lives and then have passed into the immortality of memory. They have been put on deposit in the imagination of society. They have drawn compound interest. They have accumulated. They have endowed and empowered nations and states and culture areas and epochs. For better or for worse, these men have worked more mightily in the immortality of memory than in their lives.

When we say civilizations have progressed by capitalizing their great men, we do not thereby commit ourselves to the great man interpretation of history. This is only one part of the explanation. There are other parts. The great man factor is not the whole story. It is, however, a factor which we may not neglect.

What is a great man? A great man is a man who amasses in himself unusual amounts of qualities which his fellows value, or which subsequent generations learn to approve. The great man is not sufficient unto himself. Emerson said, "No man can be heroic except in an heroic world," and it is a part of the truth. If he could be, he

could not have credit for it. A Comanche tribe gave its honor medals to its brave who took the most scalps. The tribe of Carnegie gives its medals to bread winners and life savers. If the Barbary pirates had discovered a Captain Seelby among them, they would have thrown him overboard. No going down with the ship for them. They wanted to breed the kind of men who would knock the passengers on the head, and scuttle the ship, and make off with all the loot they could land. There was a great man in Athens once, whom the Athenians could not see. All they could see about him was a corrupter of youth, and the hemlock poison was good enough for him until generations long after discovered something in him worthy of the respect of men. Dante, during his life time, was cold-shouldered from Italian city to city, that afterwards battled for the privilege of burying him. To most of Europe during his life time Luther was merely a roistering renegade from the priesthood, and we have the whole case summed up in "Tom" Reed's cynical aphorism: "A statesman is a successful politician who is dead." If by some miracle Lincoln had been born among Tartars, they would have wondered what that sort of a freak of soft heartedness could be worth, and they would probably have told him off to do woman's work. They could have had no other use for such a monstrosity.

A great man is not an orchid. He is an oak. And he must have the sustaining social soil into which to send his roots. The great man requires the elements of greatness in his fellows in order to his greatness. We must, therefore, ask: What is there in this country of ours which gave Lincoln a chance to be great?

Possibly you will discover in my answer a faint reflection of Carlylean mysticism. If so, I must abide your judgment. I venture the proposition that in the natural history of nations America must be classified as a requisition for Democracy.

It is not a very difficult feat of the imagination to project ourselves as far into the future as we are from Magna Charta in the past, and eliminating those details which confuse our judgment today, to look back and to say of the landing of those groups at Jamestown and Plymouth: There is a decisive proclamation in the heraldry of history that henceforth the essentially human shall come to its own. With this Nation was born a new Messianic purpose. It was a requisition that man as man should be at liberty to express himself and to develop himself. It was a demand that men as they are, not as puppets of an arbitrary control or ritual or pageantry of life, and no matter what may happen to jealous and obstructive prepossessions and conventionalities and institutions, men as men shall be at liberty to explore and to bring to light and set in action the unfathomed mysteries of their powers. This is what I mean when I say that our Nation is a requisition for Democracy. Is it wonderful that, our Nation being such as that, Lincoln gravitated into the position of our popular great man?

Democracy, the *word*, had been the magician's wand, the conjurer's spell, the hypnotist's suggestion, the agitator's slogan, the cynic's epithet, the sophist's fallacy, the quack's specific, the theorist's shifty hypothesis; but it has been coming to be more and more the wise man's interrogation point. Meanwhile, Democracy the *fact*, such as we have had, has been such an unstable equilibrium of conditions that it has constantly made hari kari of the definitions. Yet all the time there has been on the horizon the American's thought of an unrealized and undiscovered something, a far-off divine event when this word and this fact should be completely realized, a something so splendid that it would sanctify any name, and Lincoln has been coming to be more and more identified with that developing, becoming something that will be worthy to fill the name Democracy.

We have had other great men. Washington and Jefferson were great men, great citizens, great patriots; in many respects, as hinted in the remarks already made this evening, much more eminent in certain details than Lincoln could ever, by his most extravagant eulogist, be proved to be. Yet, all in all, Lincoln has somehow appealed to our American judgment as the incarnate Democrat. With Lincoln, Democracy was not a word, it was not a theory, it was not a program—it was a spirit of life. What, then, were the qualities of that spirit of life which made Lincoln the incarnate Democrat?

As has already been hinted, it would be impossible and preposterous to attempt an analysis of that personality in such a way as to comprehend all the reasons for its force. I ask you to accept a schedule of the salient points in Lincoln's personality which have appealed to me from my childhood, as I have studied, first as a boy in school, and then as a student of history, the monumental features of his democratic personality.

In the first place, I would say that Lincoln was a great Democrat *because of his fellow feeling with all sorts and conditions of men.*

An Episcopal bishop of one of the Southern states said to me not long ago, in a private conversation: "The difference between the Northern man and the Southern man on the race question is just this: The Northern man loves 'the negro,' but he has no use for an individual black man. The Southern man can love an individual black man, but has no use for 'the negro.'" Whether this is the correct summing up of the case with reference to the race question or not, you can judge better than I. It is a summing up of a fatal fallibility in our qualifications as democrats. It is easy for us to love humanity in large generalizations; it is hard for us to take interest in an unlovable fellow who meets us in his time of need. One of the most eminent college presidents in the United States said to me casually, in a railway train: "The reason why

socialism cannot come is not a logical reason, it is not a psychological reason, it is not an economic reason. It is an aesthetic reason. Just as soon as we are able, we don't want to mix any more with our fellow men. We want to be away from them. We want to keep the rabble away from us." Whether that is to be the finish of socialism or not, I shall not attempt to judge, but my friend put his finger on a familiar note of human nature. We feel for our fellow men chiefly in large generalizations and in the abstract. Most of us draw the line most of the time, when brought face to face with the unattractive individual.

Whenever Lincoln found a genuine person, man, woman, or child, who was not covered up with some ungentle veneer or splash or pretension of something that he was not; whenever he found a real human being, in that human being he recognized a fellow child of God.

I was just ten years old when the report came to us of the assassination of President Lincoln. The rumor reached our house just before daybreak. I dressed myself as quickly as possible and ran down town to see if more news could be had. I saw, coming on horseback, perhaps the most prominent citizen of the town. He was the president of the largest bank, a man whom I had often seen. As I recall him now he resembled, not merely in his social position but also in his personal appearance, Marshall Field, of Chicago. Under ordinary circumstances, I, a ten-year-old boy, would no more have accosted him than a ten-year-old boy in Chicago would have ventured to start a conversation with Marshall Field. But, under the circumstances, my instincts were reversed. I ran to meet him, with the eager question: "Mr. Stickney, have you heard the news?" Yes; he had heard the news. He dismounted and, there, on the footing of equality established by the leveling loss of that great Democrat, holding his horse's bridle with one hand, he conversed with the casual boy about the reason for the Nation's grief. It has always seemed to me that the incident was not only an unconscious tribute to the

character of Lincoln, but it was a symbol of the benediction of that spirit of equality which Lincoln shed over our whole society.

I would say, second, that Lincoln was a great Democrat *because of his candid belief that life is good*. There had been many periods of pessimism before Lincoln's time. He had not entered into that end-of-the-century pessimism which expressed itself in the world-weary question, "Is life worth the living?" Lincoln frankly and candidly accepted life as it came, believing that it is opportunity, believing that something better is coming, believing that this world by man's living candidly will sometime be made into a beneficent human society. You will surely, in your thoughts, ask if I have forgotten Lincoln's hours of gloom, of depression, of discouragement, almost of melancholia. I remember all this; but what man in modern times had more cause for gloom and discouragement and almost despair? Did that make Lincoln a pessimist? It would be as logical to say that India rubber is not resilient because it gives to the first impact. Lincoln's very upspring from gloom and despair was proof as strong as Holy Writ that the under-current of his life was not pessimism, but the philosophy of optimistic hope.

Lincoln was the great Democrat, third, *because of his deep veneration for justice*. The most dramatic scene in some respects that I saw was in the late seventies, in Music Hall, in Boston, at that time the largest hall in the city. The mind of the country was intently occupied with the so-called Eastern question, the relations of the Balkan States. Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, was accredited with being the profoundest student of that question in our country, and he was invited by Boston citizens to deliver a series of three lectures. At these lectures, each of which occupied two hours, the hall was filled with the finest audience that Boston and vicinity could furnish. On the platform were from one hundred to two hundred of the leading men, known at home and many of them abroad:

James Russell Lowell, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, President Eliot, and men of that type. At one point in his discourse Dr. Storrs, who was a pattern pulpit orator of the most dignified type, in his most measured manner uttered this single sentence, the only recollection I have carried away from those lectures: "But, nothing is settled in this world until it is settled rightly!" And, instantly, as though moved by one electric current, those impassive, cold, unresponsive Boston intellectuals were upon their feet, applauding and cheering, as though it were a new revelation. The dramatic motive in the demonstration was that, deep in our inner consciousness, is the belief that there is such a thing as justice in the affairs of men, and though it tarry, and though it lag, and though it hide, some day, sometime, somewhere, it will show its face, it will show its power, it will be mighty, and it will prevail. If I, a younger man and an alien, may dare to express a judgment, it seems to me that, more than any other single factor, this may account for the change in the estimate of Lincoln in the South—the fact that, in spite of the misinterpretations so natural at the time, he has exhibited himself to posterity as a man standing, as it were, between the upper and the nether mill stone of conflicting interests, saying, from his heart of hearts, daily and hourly to Almighty God: "Show me what justice is and where it is, and by Thy grace, so far as in me is, it shall be done." This was Lincoln, and in this veneration for justice, this determination to try to do the right, though he be ground to powder, was his title to be called the Supreme American Democrat.

I would say Lincoln was the incarnate Democrat, fourth, *because he loved and revered his own government*. Ah, but our sophisticated age says, as my little nephew said to his grandmother, when she was reproving him for telling something that was not true, and was reminding him of the Ten Commandments: "Oh, well, grandma, the Ten Commandments are out of fashion." We say: "Oh,

respect for government is all out of fashion." It is archaic, it is passe, especially in our country. A German lawyer said to me the other day: "There is this difference between the attitude of Germans and Americans toward government. In Germany the government is not popular, but it is respected; in America the government is not respected, but it is popular."

The first lesson in democratic citizenship may be learned in the character and career of Abraham Lincoln, namely: Government at its worst is an enormous human achievement. The best government is fallible. The best government makes mistakes. The best popular government that has ever been invented is subject to corruption, but government such as men have been able to devise is the sheet anchor of human progress. The good Democrat, the Democrat that can help Democracy to develop, is the Democrat who is able, as Lincoln was, to look upon his government, with all its faults, as that instrument and foundation with which it is necessary to work in order to improve even that government itself, and therewith all the rest of human life.

Lincoln was a great Democrat, fifth, *because he trusted in the common sense of the people*. Lincoln had none of the superstition that the people never make a mistake. He never believed in the catchy proverb: "The voice of the people is the voice of God," in the superficial sense that it is right, fair, and safe always to follow the popular whim. But this, I believe, was what Lincoln believed: If he could get beyond the interests of the clique immediately surrounding him, if he could brush away the formal conclusions of the people in power whether rightly or wrongly; if he could get at the under-current of the disinterested mind and heart of the plain man, there, he felt, that he was getting into the deep ocean tides which convey along toward the goal of a righteous voyage. Lincoln was not willing that the classes, whether high or low, should decide. Lincoln wanted all the interests concerned to

have a chance, to have their say for what it was worth. He seems to have learned by instinct the deep lesson which democracies are just now working out by clumsy experimenting. The only safety for a Democracy is the principle that if anything is right to do, it is right to do it in the open, where everybody interested can know what it means and can have a chance to say his say, in shaping the course of action. *Publicity is the necessary disinfectant of Democracy.*

And, finally, Lincoln was a great Democrat *because he loyally accepted a moral law of work.* Lincoln had none of the vulgar idea that the world owed him a living. He knew that all generations of men had worked hitherto, and that in working out the plan of human society, each generation, as it shall come upon the stage of life, must take up its share and bear its burden.

A few weeks ago I heard President Eliot, of Harvard, tell this incident. He said: "My Harvard class inaugurated the plan of saving our graduation photographs and at the fortieth anniversary binding them in books opposite photographs taken at that distance from graduation." He said: "I had just received my book. It was lying on my library table, when I received a call from a Frenchman, who had never been in this country before. He came on some business connected with libraries. I was dressing for an appointment and he had to wait. When I came down we transacted the business very quickly, and then my caller said to me, 'I wish you would explain this book.' After I had done so, he said: 'Do you know, I have looked these pictures through, and *this* is the only one whose younger picture I like better than the older!'" And, President Eliot said: "That man whose younger picture was more attractive than the older was the only man in the class who had gone wrong. He was then under indictment for misapplication of trust funds. And the visitor, after talking the matter over a few minutes longer, took his leave, with the testimony: 'I think, Mr. Eliot, that

book is the most optimistic human document I ever saw.'” And President Eliot added: “I think he drew the correct conclusion.”

Work is the most salutary molder and ennobler of men. Work is, all in all, the surest reliance we have in this world as a balm of grief, as a cure of vice, as the elixir of life.

I am not among those who imagine that the race problem can be settled by wireless telegraphy from the North, but I do not believe you will contradict me when I say that all the other forces put together will fail to solve the race problem, until the race that Lincoln emancipated is radically evangelized with Lincoln's gospel of work.

Everything considered, there is no more heartening hero than Lincoln in the whole roster of the world's great. He did magnificent things with humility and he made the homely heroic. In Lincoln, Democracy did not mean partisan, it did not mean demagogue, it did not mean doctrinaire. It meant—and I say it without fulsomeness on the one side or theological vagary on the other—I remember, too, that I am in a Jewish temple, and this is no new experience with me, either; for during the last fifteen years I have at least once annually taken Dr. Hirsch's place at his Sunday service in Sinai Temple, so I feel at home in a Jewish congregation, and I would not, by word or thought, violate the courtesy of the place—I do not know whether what I was about to say is altogether sanctioned now by Jews or Christians. I believe it will be endorsed by the sane after-thought of both Jews and Christians. I started to say that, in its time and place and degree, Lincoln's Democracy was the same fellowship with the lot and the tasks and the hopes and the heritage of the plain man which gave its real meaning to that royal title of the Master Democrat of the Ages—the Son of Man. Lincoln's Democracy was unfaltering belief in the underlying purpose of Sovereign God to open the right of way for the eternally human in man to march on whithersoever

its divine destiny may lead. Whether we see it clearly or not, this anniversary, celebrated from one end of America to the other, is a National feast of purification. It is an uplifting of the host of democratic ideals as warning, reproof, and instruction in righteousness of civic life. But no substitutional oblation can accomplish human atonement. Men, in the last account, are only what they purpose and endeavor and achieve. If we were simply holding up for admiration the memory of Lincoln, and that were all, we should be entering a voluntary plea in moral bankruptcy. We honor a great man only as we re-enact our allegiance to that which made him great.

Americans are careless enough. Americans are undemocratic enough. Americans sacrifice enough at the altar of gross and unworthy aims; but underneath, after all, in our better moments, inconsistently perhaps, and intermittently and half-heartedly, we are still in search of the Holy Grail of Democratic realization. When the true Democrat comes, the Democrat who will be the standard citizen to make the finished Democracy, that Democrat will not be the man in the saddle, he will not be the man with the championship belt, he will not be the man who makes the all-American, he will not be the man who manipulates Wall Street, he will not be the man who "swings votes"—although I believe a sublimated *something* of each of these will be in the standard Democrat. The standard Democrat will be, first and foremost, right at the core. He will be a man whose only selfishness is a splendid self respect; a man whose self respect is the alphabet of his Golden Rule of respect for his fellowman; a man whose creed is human fellowship; whose pride is human service; whose ambition is the unlimited progress of human kind!

I thank you for admitting me into your fellowship in this attempt to get inspiration from the story of Lincoln's life.

